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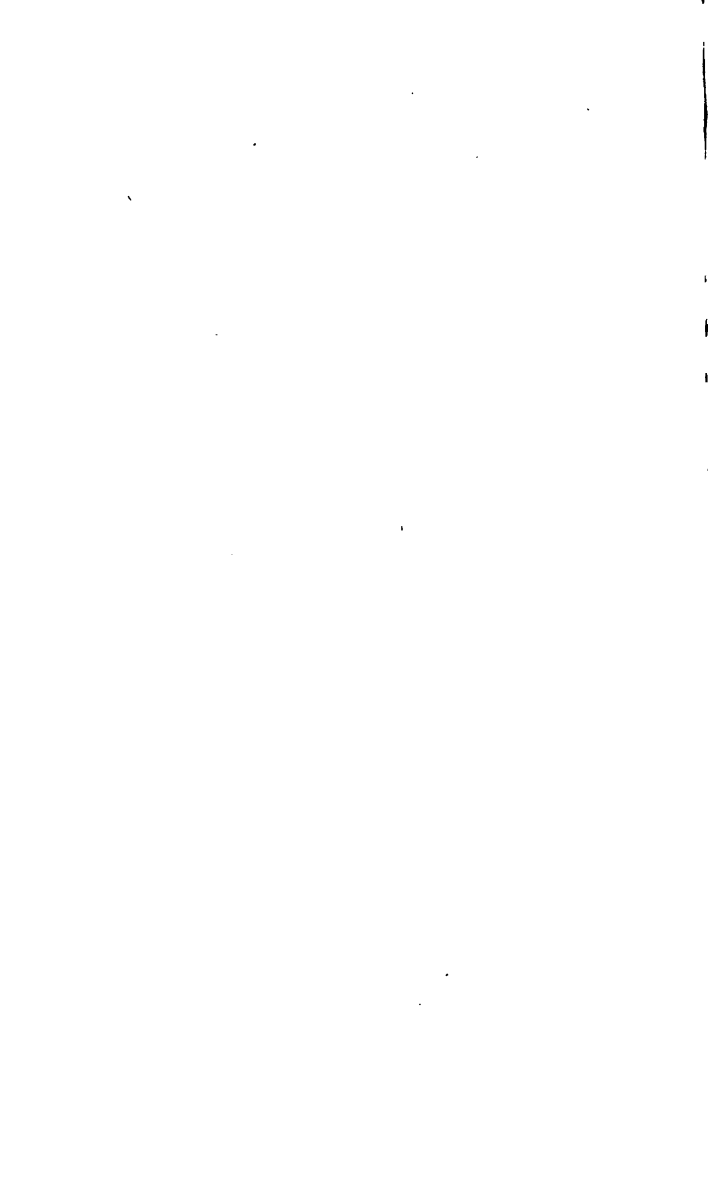
Mrs. Luther L. Livingstone

.....

.....

X THE copy of Charles Lamb's fairy tale in verse entitled 'Beauty and the Beast,' sold by auction by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson on December 18th, fetched 11l. A third copy, also wanting the title, has recently been discovered by a Mr. Tickell. Mr. George Redway, of York Street, Covent Garden, intends to issue immediately an edition, limited to one hundred copies, of the text, with notes and preface by Mr. R. H. Shepherd, whose paper on the present discovery in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1885, followed a few weeks after Mr. Pearson's first communication on the subject, inserted in our columns of July 11th.









BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Only one hundred copies printed

No. 67

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

OR A ROUGH OUTSIDE WITH

A GENTLE HEART

A Poem

BY CHARLES LAMB

NOW FIRST REPRINTED FROM THE

ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1811

WITH PREFACE AND NOTES

BY

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD

Editor of "Poetry for Children"

and "Prince Dorus"

LONDON

GEORGE REDWAY

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is right at the outset to state that the credit of a discovery highly interesting to all lovers of Charles Lamb is first due to the industry and sagacity of a quondam London bibliopole, who, in the well-earned retirement of his Devonian retreat, is still unable occasionally to refrain from a short local excursion to his former hunting-

fields, in quest of what forgotten or buried treasure the neglected old nooks and corners of the West of England may yield.

It seems that we are to add still another to the already considerable list of children's books produced by Charles and Mary Lamb for Godwin's Juvenile Library. The "Tales from Shakespeare," the "Adventures of Ulysses," and "Mrs. Leicester's School" (the second of which was the sole production of Charles Lamb), were the only three of these works known to or remembered

by a former generation. In the summer of 1877 attention was called¹ to the discovery of the long-lost "Poetry for Children," in two volumes, and three months later² the discovery was chronicled of the little tale in verse entitled "Prince Dorus, or Flattery put out of Countenance,"—the sole production of Charles Lamb—to which a clue had been found in a stray entry in the Diary of the late Mr. Crabb Robinson.³ The two

¹ "Gentleman's Magazine," July 1877, pp. 113-122.

² Ibid., Oct. 1877, p. 507.

³ See Note (1), Appendix.

little works were reprinted together, for the first time, in the ensuing autumn, and published early in the following year.¹

But the hidden treasures of William Godwin's little book-store were not even yet exhausted. Mr. Pearson has brought to light a second versified tale, of which two other copies have since turned

¹ "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb. To which are added "Prince Dorus," and some uncollected Poems by Charles Lamb. Edited, prefaced and annotated by Richard Herne Shepherd. London: Chatto and Windus, 1878.

up,¹ by the same hand as "Prince Dorus," which bears, or rather which should bear, the following title (for the title-page has disappeared from the three copies hitherto discovered) :—

¹ Both with the plates coloured, and both lacking the title. One of these was sold at an auction by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, on Friday, December 18, 1885, for eleven pounds; the third is in the possession of Mr. Tickell, a dissenting minister, who had the good fortune to pick it up at a London bookstall for a few pence. Mr. Pearson's first letter communicating the discovery, and dated "Redgate, Exmouth, July 4," appeared in the *Athenæum* of July 11, 1885.

¹ *Beauty and the Beast, or a Rough Outside with a Gentle Heart, a Poem : ornamented with eight superior engravings ; and Beauty's Song, set to music by Mr. Whitaker (5s. 6d. coloured or 3s. 6d. plain). London : Published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street, Snow Hill, 1811.*

The booklet is uniform in size with "Prince Dorus," measuring $5\frac{3}{8}$ by $4\frac{1}{8}$ in. There are thirty-two numbered pages of letterpress, containing about 480 lines, or an average of fifteen lines to a page.

¹ From a list of M. J. Godwin's publications at the end of the little volume (in Mr. Pearson's copy).

In Mr. Pearson's copy the eight illustrations are plain, and appear to be executed by the same hand or hands that embellished the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Prince Dorus." "One plate in 'Prince Dorus,'" writes Mr. Pearson, "is by Blake undoubtedly." Blake is supposed to have executed or engraved some of the designs to "Tales from Shakespeare," and it is pleasant to think that his delightful hand may have been associated with that of one of his earliest and most ardent admirers in this present children's piece also.

We find no reference, either direct or indirect, to the little tale in Lamb's published correspondence, or in any of the Lamb books. "Beauty and the Beast" had not only hitherto shared the fate which, till lately, included "Poetry for Children" and "Prince Dorus;" but the oblivion to which it was consigned was still more complete, as, besides all trace of the book itself, all record or memory of its former existence had disappeared.

The idea of a poetic and pictorial *rifacimento* of the well-known old fairy-

tale, for the delectation of his juvenile clients, appears to have originated with Godwin. But it was not to Lamb, curiously enough, but to Wordsworth, that Godwin first applied for assistance in the poetic part of his project. The application to Wordsworth was made with Lamb's knowledge (as appears from an extant letter of Coleridge's), and if made by his recommendation, there can hardly have been absent from it a touch of the sly covert humour, and love of practical joking, in which Lamb was wont to indulge at the expense of

his friends ; for Wordsworth had long ago outgrown the salad days of the " Lyrical Ballads," and had become somewhat pompous and prosy to wit. But, whether made spontaneously or otherwise, the application failed. Wordsworth summarily, if not haughtily, refused ; professing insufficient sympathy with or attraction for the subject, doubts of its successful or felicitous treatment in the hands of a *raconteur* less skilful than La Fontaine, and finally and chiefly an invincible repugnance to all poetical task-work whatever, or to writing under

any other impulse than that of direct inspiration.¹

In rejecting the task to which he was invited of versifying "Beauty and the Beast," Wordsworth refers Godwin to William Taylor, of Norwich, who, he says, "took the trouble of versifying 'Blue Beard' some years ago, and might, perhaps, not decline to assist you in the present case, if you are

¹ Wordsworth to Godwin, "Grasmere, March 9, 1811" ("William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries," by C. Kegan Paul, Lond. 1876, vol. ii. pp. 218-225).

acquainted with him, or could get at him. He is a man personally unknown to me, and in his literary character doubtless an egregious coxcomb; but he is ingenious enough to do this, if he could be prevailed upon to undertake it." It is not, however, at all likely that Godwin applied to William Taylor. In a letter from Southey to Taylor¹ (Keswick, April 11th, 1804) the former

¹ "Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich," edited by J. W. Robberds (Lond. Murray, 1843), vol. i. p. 500.

alludes to "that booby Godwin, who told Coleridge, to his great amusement, that there was nothing at all in William Taylor." It seems that Taylor had offended Godwin, who, visiting Norwich soon after his second marriage, said to him when they met, "Well, Mr. Taylor, I find you still unmarried"; to which he received the pointed reply, "Yes, sir, I practise what I preach." So that for some years previously there had been little love lost between them, and Wordsworth need not have troubled himself to "damn" Taylor "with faint

praise," and to more than "hesitate dislike."

Furthermore, on examining Taylor's versified "Sir Blue-Beard" (which seems to have appeared at least twice in a separate form as well as in Taylor's weekly Norwich and Norfolk newspaper, the "Iris," but is now only accessible in the pages of an old volume of the "Monthly Magazine," where it was reprinted in December, 1814¹), we find it has not the faintest shadow of resemblance, in manner, style, treatment or

¹ Vol. xxxviii., pp. 437-440.

metre, to the versified story of "Beauty and the Beast" as published by Godwin. (Of "Cinderella," which Taylor appears from an allusion of Southey's also to have versified, no trace seems discoverable.) Nor does there appear to be any further mention of Taylor, beyond that in Wordsworth's letter, in Godwin's own memoirs. There was evidently a mutual dislike and avoidance of each other, of many years' standing, between the two men.

Wordsworth failing, and Taylor not being available, what more natural than

for Godwin to fall back, if only as a *pis-aller*, on his old coadjutor Lamb? Lamb had no such fine-spun scruples, was glad of the opportunity of making a little money, and appears to have readily consented. The whole weight of internal as well as external evidence tends to confirm the assumption that Godwin resorted to him in his difficulty. It would be absurd, indeed, to pretend that "Beauty and the Beast" contains nearly so much of Lamb's peculiar humour as "Prince Dorus," which overbrims with it. But there is the same

quaintness and old-fashioned pomposity of diction in both. The metre is different. "Prince Dorus" is in the heroic (or mock-heroic) couplet, while "Beauty and the Beast" is in rhymed octosyllabics. But the treatment is similar. In each case a confession puts an end to an enchantment or spell under which a prince has suffered, and he weds his lady-love, and they live happily ever after.

It is not too much then to say that internal supports external evidence in leading us to attribute this little piece to

the authorship of Charles and partly, perhaps, also of Mary Lamb. The resemblance, frequent and striking, to many of the best as well as to many of the worst passages in "Poetry for Children" should also be noted by those sufficiently interested in the subject to follow out the hint in detail. External evidence all tends in the same direction. "Beauty and the Beast" was originally found together with a copy of the already authenticated "Prince Dorus," in precisely similar binding and uniform in every respect, except that

the latter possesses the full title-page, which the former lacks.

The fact that no mention, direct or indirect, of the little piece should exist in Lamb's published correspondence is not surprising, and is easily intelligible, when we consider the numerous *lacunæ* that occur in the letters of that particular period (1810-11) hitherto brought to light. The published letters of Charles Lamb are indeed a mere selection of the letters he actually wrote—nay, even of the letters still probably preserved, with perhaps too

jealous and exclusive a guardianship, in odd nooks and corners. And it must be remembered that neither is there any mention by Lamb himself of his tale of "Prince Dorus," the authenticity of which is irrefragably established not only by internal evidence, but by an entry, accompanied by a corroborative foot-note, in his friend Crabb Robinson's Diary. Altogether the weight of evidence—external and internal—in favour of Lamb's authorship, possibly in collaboration with his sister, of "Beauty and the Beast" seems

to be overwhelming, in the absence of any other likely or possible claimant.

The same *naïveté* and simplicity, combined with a certain studied, or at least conscious ruggedness and quaintness, that characterise Lamb's juvenile prose story of "Rosamund Gray," and not a few of his contributions to "Poetry for Children," pervade this little piece also. To those among us who so dearly love both the man and the writer that every fresh scrap or trifle from his pen, as well as every additional crumb of random record of his ways

among his fellow-men, supplies new fuel to the ever-glowing fire of old admiration and affection, this authentic and indubitable little product of the richly-stored brain and loving heart that were content to work for years to please the little children whom he cherished all the more tenderly because he was himself a childless bachelor, will prove (forced and crabbed, unnatural and obsolete, as some less sympathetic readers may think it,) an inestimable and inalienable treasure-trove. We have at any rate here, in accordance with the

wish expressed lately in a leading literary journal,¹ endeavoured to place it beyond future chance of utter and irretrievable loss, to which, by the lapse of only three-quarters of a century and the destructive habits of our little ones, it had already been well-nigh subjected.

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

¹ "It is now to be hoped this very interesting little volume may be reprinted in book form, to prevent its being again lost."—*Athenæum*, November 28, 1885.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

OR A ROUGH OUTSIDE WITH A

GENTLE HEART

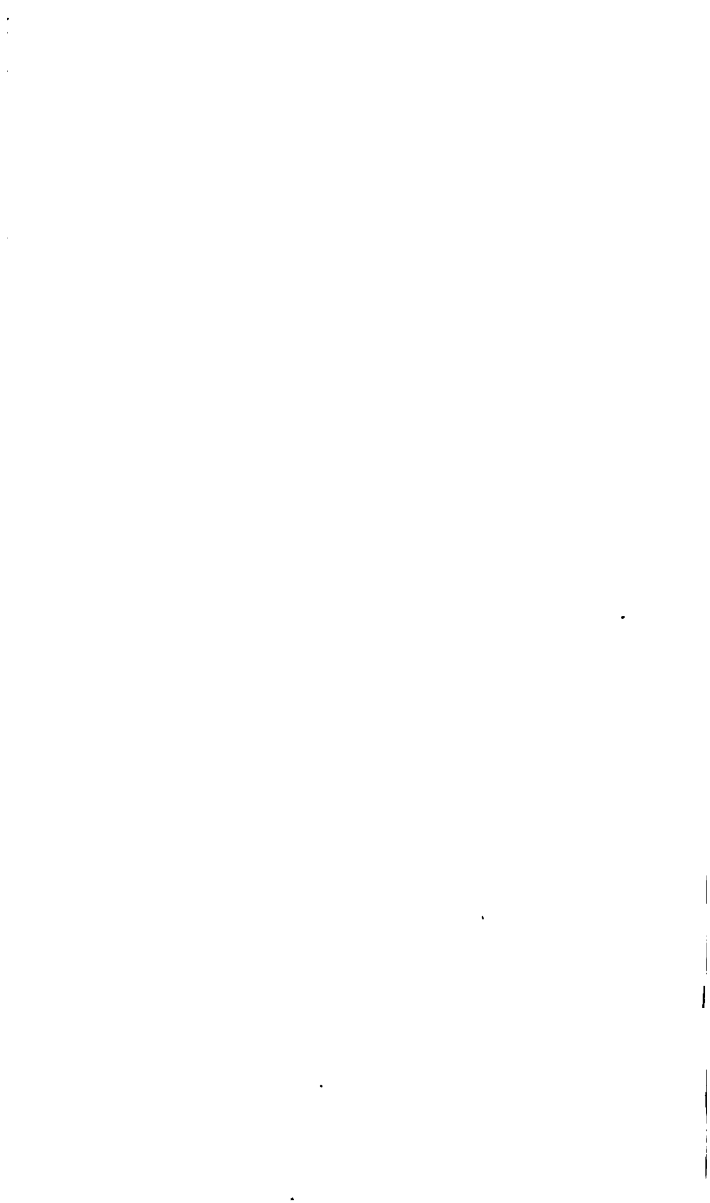
A Poem



LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY M. J. GODWIN, AT THE JUVENILE
LIBRARY, N^o. 41 SKINNER-STREET,
SNOW HILL.

1811.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



MERCHANT who by generous
pains

Prosper'd in honourable gains
Could boast, his wealth and fame to share,
Three manly sons, three daughters fair ;
With these he felt supremely blest.
His latest-born surpass'd the rest :
She was so gentle, good and kind,
So fair in feature, form and mind,
So constant too in filial duty,
The neighbours call'd her **LITTLE BEAUTY !**

And when fair childhood's days were run,
That title still she wore and won ;
Lovelier as older still she grew,
Improved in grace and goodness too.

Her elder sisters, gay and vain,
View'd her with envy and disdain,
Toss'd up their heads with haughty air ;
Dress, Fashion, Pleasure, all their care.

'Twas thus, improving and improved,
Loving and worthy to be loved,
Sprightly, yet grave, each circling day

Saw Beauty innocently gay.
Thus smooth the May-like moments past ;
Blest times ! but soon by clouds o'ercast !

Sudden as winds that maddening sweep
The foaming surface of the deep,
Vast treasures, trusted to the wave,
Were buried in the billowy grave !
Our Merchant, late of boundless store,
Saw Famine hasting to his door.

With willing hand and ready grace,
Mild BEAUTY takes the Servant's place ;

Rose with the sun to household cares
And morn's repast with zeal prepares,
The wholesome meal, the cheerful fire ;
What cannot filial love inspire ?
And when the task of day was done,
Suspended till the rising sun,
Music and song the hours employ'd,
As more deserved the more enjoy'd ;
Till Industry, with pastime join'd,
Refresh'd the body and the mind ;
And when the group retired to rest,
Father and brothers BEAUTY blest.

BEAUTY'S SONG.

What's Life, still changing every hour ?

'Tis all the seasons in a day !

The smile, the tear, the sun, the
shower,

'Tis now December, now 'tis May.

At morn we hail some envied Queen ;

At eve she sinks some cottage guest ;

Yet, if contentment gilds the scene,

Contentment makes the cottage blest.

Who more than I this truth can feel ?

I feel it, yet am charm'd to find,

While thus I turn the spinning-wheel,

The station humbles not the mind.

Ah, no ! in days of youth and health,

Nature will smile, though Fortune
frown ;

Be this my song, CONTENT IS WEALTH,

And duty every toil shall crown.

Not so the sisters ; as before
'Twas *rich* and idle, now 'twas *poor*.
In shabby finery array'd,
They still affected a parade,
While both insulted gentle BEAUTY
Unwearied in the housewife's duty ;
They mock'd her robe of modest brown,
And view'd her with a taunting frown :
Yet scarce could hold their rage to see
The blithe effects of Industry.

In this retreat a year had past,
When happier tidings came at last,
And in the Merchant's smile appear'd

Prospects that all the cotters cheer'd :
A letter came ; its purport good ;
Part of his ventures braved the flood.

“ With speed,” said he, “ I must to town.
And what, my girls, must I bring down ? ”
The envious sisters, all confusion,
Commissions gave in wild profusion ;
Caps, hats and bonnets, bracelets,
 brooches,
To cram the pockets of the coaches,
With laces, linens, to complete
The order, and to fill the seat.

Such wants and wishes now appear'd,
To make them larger BEAUTY fear'd ;
Yet, lest her silence might produce
From jealous sisters more abuse,
Considerately good, she chose
The emblem of herself—a ROSE.

The good Man on his journey went,
His thoughts on generous BEAUTY bent.
“ If Heaven,” he said, and breathed a
prayer,
“ If Heaven that tender child should spare,
Whate'er my lot, I must be blest,
I must be rich ; ”—he wept the rest.

Timely such feelings !—Fortune still,
Unkind and niggard, cross'd his will ;
Of all his hopes, alas ! the gains
Were far o'erbalanced by the pains ;
For after a long, tedious round
He had to measure back his ground.

A short day's travel from his cot
New misadventures were his lot ;
Dark grew the air, the wind blew high,
And spoke the gathering tempest nigh ;
Hail, snow and night-fog, join'd their force,
Bewildering rider and his horse.
Dismay'd, perplex'd, the road they crost,
And in the dubious maze were lost,

When, glimmering through the vapours drear,
A taper show'd a dwelling near.
And guess our Merchant's glad surprise
When a rich palace seem'd to rise
As on he moved ! The knee he bent,
Thankful to Heaven ; then nearer went.
But, O how much his wonder grew,
When nothing living met his view !—

Entering a splendid hall, he found,
With every luxury around,
A blazing fire, a plenteous board,
A costly cellaret, well stored,
All open'd wide, as if to say,
“ Stranger, refresh thee on thy way.”

The Merchant to the fire drew near,
Deeming the owner would appear,
And pardon one who, drench'd in rain,
Unask'd had ventured to remain.
The court-yard clock had number'd seven,
When first he came ; but when eleven
Struck on his ear as mute he sate,
It sounded like the knell of Fate.
And yet so hungry was he grown,
He pick'd a capon to the bone ;
And as choice wines before him stood,
He needs must taste if they were good ;
So much he felt his spirits cheer'd,
The more he drank, the less he fear'd.(?)

Now bolder grown, he paced along
(Still hoping he might do no wrong),
When, entering at a gilded door,
High raised upon a sumptuous floor,
A sofa show'd all Persia's pride
And each magnificence beside.
So down at once the Merchant lay,
Tired with the wonders of the day ;
But had it been a rushy bed
Tuck'd in the corner of a shed,
With no less joy had it been prest ;
The good man pray'd and sank to rest.

Nor woke he till the noon of day ;
And as he thus enchanted lay,

“ Now for my storm-sopp’d clothes,” he cries :

When lo ! a suit complete he spies ;

“ Yes, ’tis all fairy-work, no doubt,

By gentle Pity brought about ! ”

Tenfold, when risen, amazement grew ;

For, bursting on his gazing view,

Instead of snow, he saw fair bowers

In all the pride of summer flowers.

Entering again the hall, behold !

Served up in silver, pearl and gold,

A breakfast, form’d of all things rare,

As if Queen Mab herself were there.

As now he pass’d, with spirits gay

A shower of ROSES strew’d the way,

E'en to his hand the branches bent :

“ One of these boughs—I go content !

BEAUTY, dear BEAUTY,—thy request

If I may bear away, I'm blest.”

The Merchant pull'd, the branches broke,

A hideous growling, while he spoke,

Assail'd his startled ears ; and then

A frightful BEAST, as from a den,

Rushing to view, exclaim'd :—“ Ingrate !

That stolen branch has seal'd thy fate.

All that my castle own'd was thine,

My food, my fire, my bed, my wine ;

Thou robb'st my rose-trees in return,

For this, base plunderer, thou shalt mourn !”

“ My Lord, I swear upon my knees
I did not mean to harm your trees ;
But a loved daughter, fair as spring,
Entreated me a ROSE to bring ;
O didst thou know, my Lord, the maid.”

“ I am no Lord,” BEAST angry said, (3)
“ And so no flattery !—but know
If, on your oath before you go,
Within three wasted Moons, you here
Cause that loved daughter to appear,
And visit BEAST, a volunteer
To suffer for thee, thou may'st live :—
Speak not !—do this !—and I forgive.”

Mute and depress'd the Merchant fled,
Unhappy traveller, evil sped !

BEAUTY was first her sire to meet,
Springing impatient from her seat ;
Her brothers next assembled round ;
Her straying sisters soon were found.
While yet the Father fondly prest
The child of duty to his breast,—
“ Accept these roses, ill-starr'd maid !
For thee thy father's life is paid.”

The Merchant told the tale of BEAST ;
And loud lamentings when he ceased

From both the jealous sisters broke,
As thus with taunting rage they spoke :
“ And so thou kill’st thy Father, Miss,
Proud sinful creature, heard’st thou this?
We only wish’d a few new clothes ;
BEAUTY, forsooth, must have her ROSE ! (4)
Yet, harden’d wretch, her eyes are
 dry,
Though for her pride our sire must die !”

“ Die ! not for worlds !” exclaim’d the maid ;
“ BEAST kindly will take me instead :
And O a thousand deaths I’d prove
To show my father how I love !”

The brothers cried : " Let us away :
We'll perish or the monster slay."

" Vain hope, my generous sons ! his power
Can troops of men and horse devour ;
Your offer, BEAUTY, moves my soul ;
But no man can his fate control :
Mine was the fault ; you, love, are free ;
And mine the punishment shall be."

BEAUTY was firm ! the sire caress'd
Again his darling to his breast ;
With blended love and awe survey'd,
And each good brother bless'd the maid.

Three months elapsed ; her father's
heart

Heaved high, as she prepared to part ;
The sisters tried a tear to force,
While BEAUTY smiled as she took horse ;
Yet smiled through many a generous tear
To find the parting moment near ;
And just as evening's shades came on
The splendid palace-court they won.
BEAUTY, now lost in wonder all,
Gain'd with her sire the spacious hall ;
Where, of the costliest viands made,
Behold a sumptuous table laid !
The Merchant, sickening at the sight,
Sat down with looks of dire affright,

But nothing touch'd, though BEAUTY
 prest,
And strove to lull his fears to rest.

Just as she spoke, a hideous noise
Announced the growling monster's voice,
And now BEAST suddenly stalk'd forth,
While BEAUTY well-nigh sank to earth ;
Scarce could she conquer her alarms,
Though folded in a father's arms.
Grim BEAST first question'd fierce, if she
Had hither journey'd willingly ?
"Yes," BEAUTY cried—in trembling tone ;
"That's kind," said BEAST, and thus
 went on :—

“ Good Merchant, at to-morrow’s dawn,
I charge and warn you to be gone !
And further, on life’s penalty,
Dare not again to visit me.
BEAUTY, farewell ! ” He now withdrew,
As she return’d the dread adieu.

Each then their separate pillow prest,
And slumber closed their eyes in rest.
As zephyr light, from magic sleep,
Soon as the sun began to peep,
Sprang BEAUTY ; and now took her way
To where her anguish’d father lay.
But envious time stole swiftly on ;

“ Begone, loved father ! ah ! begone !

The early dew now gems the thorn,

The sunbeams gain upon the morn.

Haste, father, haste ! Heaven guards the
good ! ”

In wonder rapt the Merchant stood ;

And while dread fears his thoughts employ,

A child so generous still was joy.

“ My father’s safe ! ” she cried, “ bless’d
heaven !

The rest is light, this bounty given.”

She now survey’d the enchanting scene,

Sweet gardens of eternal green ;

Mirrors and chandeliers of glass,

And diamonds bright which those sur-
pass ;

All these her admiration gain'd ;
But how was her attention chain'd
When she, in golden letters traced,
High o'er an arch of emeralds placed :

“ BEAUTY'S APARTMENT ! Enter blest !

“ This but an earnest of the rest ! ”

The fair one was rejoiced to find
BEAST studied less her eye than mind.
But wishing still a nearer view,
Forth from the shelves a book she drew,
In whose first page, in lines of gold,
She might heart-easing words behold :

“Welcome, BEAUTY, banish fear !
You are Queen and Mistress here :
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still.”

“Alas !” said she, with heartfelt sighs,
The daughter rushing to her eyes,
“There’s nothing I so much desire,
As to behold my tender sire.”

BEAUTY had scarce her wish express’d
When it was granted by the BEAST :
A wondrous mirror to her eye
Brought all her cottage family.
Here her good brothers at their toil,

For still they dress'd the grateful soil ;
And there with pity she perceived
How much for her the Merchant grieved ;
How much her sisters felt delight
To know her banish'd from their sight,
Although with voice and looks of guile,
Their bosoms full of joy the while,
They labour'd hard to force a tear
And imitate a grief sincere.

At noon's repast she heard a sound
Breathing, unseen, sweet music round ;
But when the evening board was spread
The voice of BEAST recall'd her dread :
" May I observe you sup ? " he said ;

}

“ Ah ! tremble not—your will is law ;
One question answer’d, I withdraw.—
Am I not hideous to your eyes ? ”
“ Your temper’s sweet,” she mild replies.
“ Yes, but I’m ugly, have no sense.”
“ That’s better far than vain pretence.” (°)
“ Try to be happy and at ease,”
Sigh’d BEAST, “ as I will try to please.”
“ Your outward form is scarcely seen
Since I arrived, so kind you’ve been.”

One quarter of the rolling year,
No other living creature near,
BEAUTY, with BEAST, had pass’d serene,
Save some sad hours that stole between.

That she her Father's life had saved,
Upon her heart of hearts was graved :
While yet she view'd the BEAST with dread,
This was the balm that conscience shed.
But now a second solace grew,
Whose cause e'en conscience scarcely knew.
Here, on a Monster's mercy cast,—
Yet, when her first dire fears were past,
She found that Monster timid, mild,
Led like the lion by the child.
Custom and kindness banish'd fear ;
BEAUTY oft wish'd that BEAST were near.

Nine was the chosen hour that BEAST
Constant attended BEAUTY's feast,

Yet ne'er presumed to touch the food,
Sat humble, or submissive stood,
Or, audience craved, respectful spoke,
Nor aim'd at wit or ribald joke,
But oftener bent the raptured ear,
Or ravish'd eye, to see or hear ;
And if the appointed hour pass'd by,
'Twas mark'd by Beauty with a sigh.

“Swear not to leave me !” sigh'd the

BEAST ;

“ I swear ! ”—for now her fears were ceased.

“ And willing swear,—so now and then

I might my Father see again—

One little WEEK—he's now alone.”

“Granted!” quoth BEAST: “your will be
done!

Your RING upon the table lay
At night,—you’re there at peep of day;
But, oh!—remember, or I die!”
He gazed, and went without reply.

At early morn she rang to rise;
The Maid beholds with glad surprise;
Summons her Father to her side,
Who, kneeling and embracing, cried,
With rapture and devotion wild,
“O bless’d be Heaven, and bless’d my
child!”

BEAUTY the Father now address'd,
And straight to see her sisters press'd.
They both were married, and both proved
Neither was happy or beloved.
And when she told them she was blest
With days of ease and nights of rest,
To hide the malice of the soul,
Into the garden sly they stole,
And then in floods of tears they vent
Their hate, and feel its punishment.
"If," said the eldest, "you agree,
We'll make that wench more cursed
than we !
I have a plot, my sister dear ;
More than her ~~WEEK~~ let's keep her here.

No more with MONSTER shall she sup,
Who, in his rage, shall eat her up."

And now such art they both employ'd,
While BEAUTY wept, yet was o'erjoy'd ;
And when the stated hour was come,
" Ah ! can you quit so soon your home ? "
Eager they question'd—tore their hair—
And look'd the Pictures of Despair,
BEAUTY, though blushing at delay,
Promised another week to stay.

Meantime, although she err'd from love,
Her conscious heart could ill approve—

“Thy vow was given, thy vow was broke!”

Thus Conscience to her bosom spoke.

Thoughts such as these assail'd her breast,

And a sad vision broke her rest !

The palace garden was the place

Which her imaginations trace ;

There, on a lawn, as if to die,

She saw poor BEAST extended lie,

Reproaching, with his latest breath,

BEAUTY's ingratitude in death.

Roused from her sleep, the contrite Maid

The RING upon her toilet laid,

And *Conscience* gave a sound repose.

Balmy her rest ; and when she rose,
The palace of poor BEAST she found,
Groves, gardens, arbours, blooming round.
The morning shone in summer's pride,
BEAUTY for fairer evening sigh'd—
Sigh'd for the object once so fear'd,
By worth, by kindness, now endear'd.
But when had pass'd the wonted hour,
And no wish'd footstep pass'd the door ;
When yet another hour lagg'd on,—
Then to the wide canal she ran :
“ For there in vision,” said the fair,
“ Was stretch'd the object of my care ! ”
And there, alas ! he now was found
Extended on the flowery ground.

"Ah! fond and faithful BEAST," she
cried,

"Hast thou for me perfidious died?

O! could'st thou hear my fervid prayer,

'Twould ease the anguish of despair."

BEAST open'd now his long-closed eyes,
And saw the fair with glad surprise.

"In my last moments you are sent;

You pity, and I die content."

"Thou shalt not die," rejoin'd the maid;

O rather live to hate, upbraid—

But no! my grievous fault forgive;

I feel I can't without thee live."

BEAUTY had scarce pronounced the word,
When magic sounds of sweet accord,
The music of celestial spheres,
As if from seraph harps, she hears !
Amazed she stood,—new wonders grew,
For BEAST now vanish'd from her view ;
And, lo ! a PRINCE, with every grace
Of figure, fashion, feature, face,
In whom all charms of Nature meet,
Was kneeling at fair BEAUTY's feet.

“ But where is BEAST ? ” still BEAUTY cried.

“ Behold him here,” the PRINCE replied.

“ Orasmyn, lady, is my name,

In Persia not unknown to fame ; (6)
Till this re-humanising hour,
The victim of a Fairy's power ;
Till a deliverer could be found,
Who, while the accursed spell still bound,
Could first *endure*, though with alarm,
And break at last by love the charm !”

BEAUTY, delighted, gave her hand,
And bade the PRINCE her fate command.
The PRINCE now led through rooms of state,
Where BEAUTY's family await,
In bridal vestments all array'd,
By some superior power convey'd.

“*BEAUTY*,” pronounced a heavenly
voice,

“Now take from me your princely choice.

VIRTUE, to every good beside,

While wit and beauty were denied,

Fix’d your pure heart ; for which, unseen,

I led your steps ; and now a *QUEEN*,

Seated on Persia’s glittering throne,

’Tis mine and *Virtue*’s task to crown !

“But as for you, ye sisters vain,

Still first and last in *Envy*’s train,

Before fair *BEAUTY*’s Palace-gate,

Such Justice has decreed your fate,

Transform'd to statues you must dwell,

Cursed with the single power to feel—

Unless by penitence and prayer—

But this will ask long years of care,

Of promise and performance too,

A change of mind from false to true—

A change I scarce can hope from you.”

}

Instant the Power stretch'd forth her wand,

Her sceptre of supreme command,

When lo ! at her resistless call,

Gay crowds came thronging through the hall,

The blissful hour to celebrate

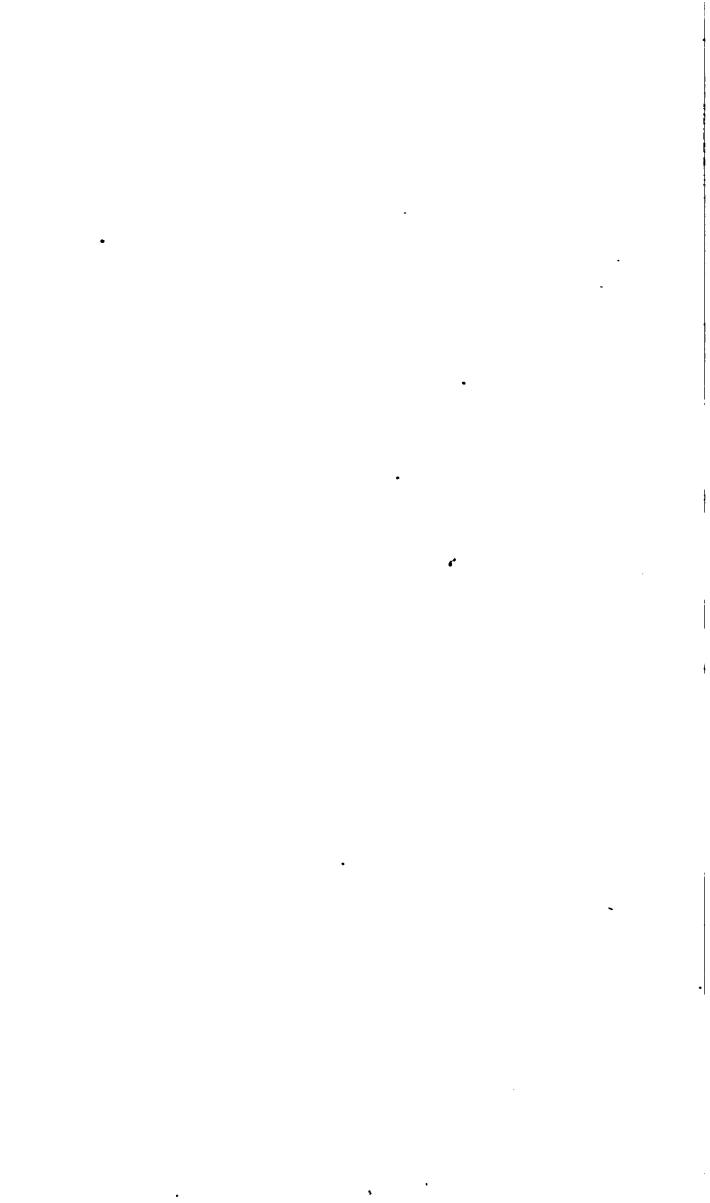
When Persia's Prince resumed his state ;

At once the dome with music rang,
And virgins danced, and minstrels sang ;
It was the JUBILEE of YOUTH,
Led on by Virtue and by Truth.
The pride of Persia fill'd the scene,
To hail ORASMYN and his QUEEN !

THE END.

APPENDIX.

**UNPUBLISHED EPITAPH BY
CHARLES LAMB.**



EPITAPH FOR MARY DRUITT, (7)

BURIED AT WIMBORNE, DORSET,

AGED NINETEEN.



UNDER this cold marble stone

Sleep the sad remains of one

Who when alive by few or none

Was loved, as she might have been

By lovers many and rich I ween,

If she prosperous days had seen.

Only this funereal stone

Tells the simple grief of one

That loved her, and her alone.

C. LAMB.



NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

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(1) Page 7. *A stray entry in the Diary of the late Mr. Crabb Robinson.*

An entry in the "Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson" (under date May 15th, 1811) revealed some years ago the hitherto unsuspected existence of a forgotten tale in verse written by Charles Lamb, supplementary to, and altogether distinct from, the two tiny volumes of "Poetry for Children" (the joint work of himself and his sister), published in 1809. The entry runs as follows: "A very pleasant call on Charles and Mary Lamb. Read his version of the story of Prince Dorus, the long-nosed king." ("This," adds H. C. R. in a foot-note, "is not in his collected 'Works,' and, as well as two volumes of 'Poems for Children,' is likely to be lost.") Crabb Robinson's prediction was

amply verified: the little books were lost, or lost sight of, for more than half a century; and it was not until 1877 that they were recovered and reprinted.

(2) Page 42.

so hungry was he grown,
He pick'd a capon to the bone;
And as choice wines before him stood,
He needs must taste if they were good;
So much he felt his spirits cheer'd,
The more he drank, the less he fear'd.

Here surely (if nowhere else in the poem) we may discern a touch of Lamb's quaint and playful humour.

(3) Page 46.

"I am no Lord," BEAST *angry said,*
A somewhat disingenuous disclaimer on the part of Beast, as will appear by the sequel.

(4) Page 48.

And so thou kill'st thy Father, Miss,
Proud sinful creature, heard'st thou this?

We only wish'd a few new clothes ;
BEAUTY, forsooth, must have her ROSE !

This and some subsequent passages seem to suggest the possible collaboration of Mary Lamb. The style is very unequal; at its best not unworthy of the hand that wrote "The Three Friends"; at its worst, in its crudeness and baldness, it is very difficult, after all deductions made for its being "only his fun," to discern or recognize the sign manual of Charles Lamb; while it cannot but be admitted that such passages bear a very close resemblance to the less happy efforts in "Poetry for Children," which are undoubtedly the work of his sister.

(5) Page 57.

"Am I not hideous to your eyes?"

"Your temper's sweet," she mild replies.

"Yes, but I'm ugly, have no sense."

"That's better far than vain pretence."

In these lines Beauty and Beast are made

to bandy civilities and apologies in a very pretty and suggestive way.

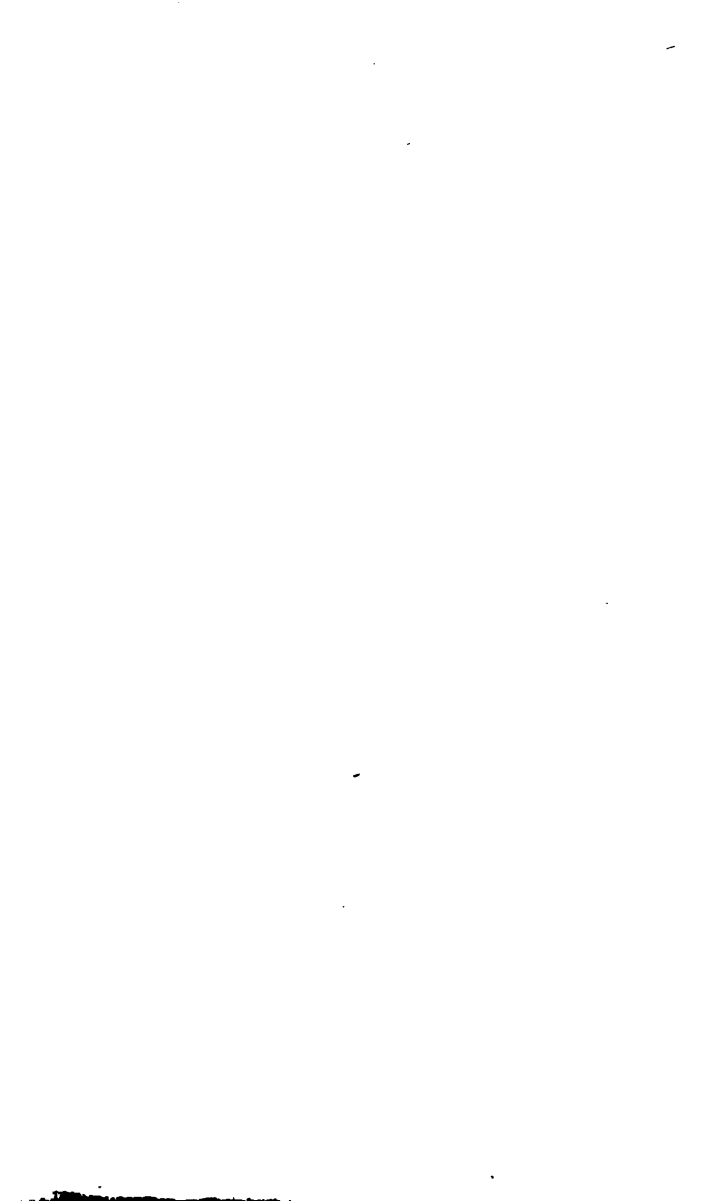
(6) Page 67.

*"Orasmyn, lady, is my name,
In Persia not unknown to fame."*

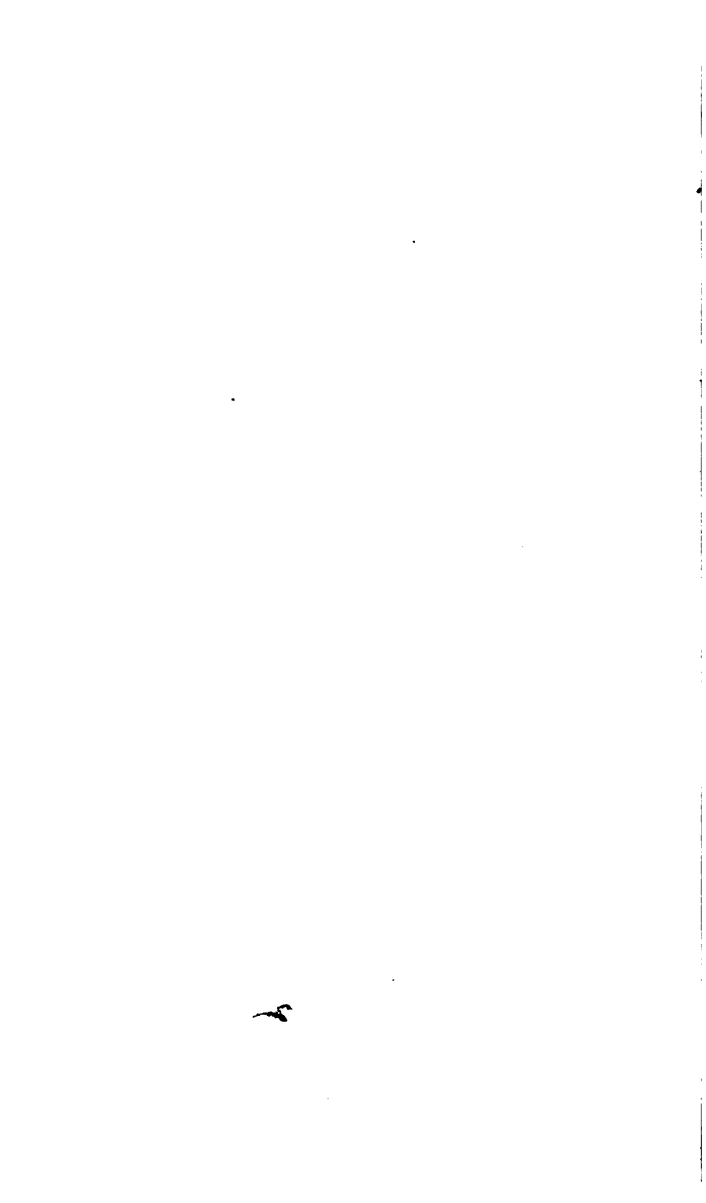
Compare the speech of the transformed "Sultan Stork" in Thackeray's little-known *jeu d'esprit*:—"The humble individual who now addresses you was a year since no other than Persia's king."

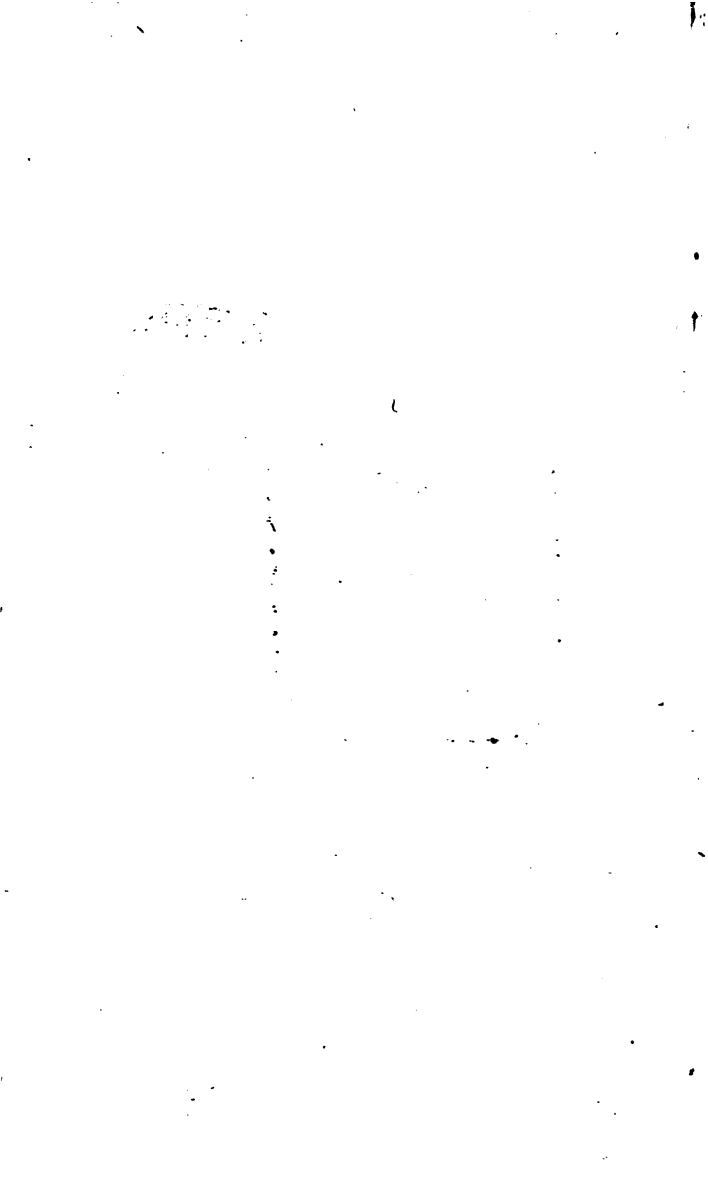
(7) Page 73. *Epitaph for Mary Druitt.*

This hitherto unpublished poem is derived from an album of Sarah Stoddart, the daughter of Sir John Stoddart, and afterwards the wife of Hazlitt. It was once the property of her intimate friend Mary Lamb, and afterwards William Hazlitt owned it. It eventually came into the possession of the late Mr. John Payne Collier, at the sale of whose library it was disposed of publicly.











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